Warm Lap

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Warm Lap

by KagomeBenihime

Summary

I see Will as being an enormously cuddly drunk.

Like, he goes to one of Hannibal’s dinner parties and drinks to much and basically starts climbing into Hannibal's lap in front of everyone.

Hannibal had been absolutely delighted when Will had accepted his dinner party invitation. He planned the perfect courses to the meal, the seating chart, who to invite, the wine vintage, it would all be perfect.

Yes, Hannibal had it all planned out… until Will climbed into his lap that is.

The meal was going well, everyone enjoying the food and showering Hannibal with compliments.

Will was sitting on Hannibal's right and was downing the wine a bit quicker then Hannibal had expected, Will had never drank much when they were together, but the party and guests it seems, put him a bit on edge.

"Will," Hannibal heard Beverly Katz, whisper, he had invited Jack and his team to help Will feel more at ease, "You need to slow down… you know what happens when you're-"

Will waved her away, "I'm fine, Bev." He said, though a bit thickly, "I can handle it…"

Hannibal didn't pry, that would be rude after all, but he wondered what they meant.

As the dessert was cleared away, they moved to the den for drinks, Hannibal saw Miss Katz attempt to talk to Will again, but he waved her away again.

They all settled in chairs and on the couch, talking amicably, then Will, who had been getting his drink, came up to Hannibal.

"Are you alright, Will?" Hannibal asked, setting his glass on a coaster on the table next to him.

Will didn't respond, he set his own glass down (not on a coaster, he would have to talk to Will about that when he was sober) and before Hannibal or anyone else could react, Will had curled himself into Hannibal's lap, leaning into his warm chest and tucking his head under Hannibal's chin with a nuzzle and a happy hum.

Hannibal was stunned, the others all seemed to be too, though Miss Katz seemed ready to start apologizing.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at her, as it seemed Will had no intention of moving any time soon.

"He's a cuddly drunk…" Miss Katz squeaked, "he tries not to drink in company because he gets a little needy… I've never seen him like this before though…"

Hannibal sighed and nodded slightly, then he continued with his conversation. Will didn't want to move, Hannibal could continue just fine with him there.

The other guests left fairly soon after, Hannibal smiling and nodding as they did, not wanting to move the young man in his lap.

After a few minutes, Hannibal sighed softly, "Come, Will." He murmured, "Let's get you some rest."

Hannibal helped Will to a guest room, tucking him into the bed gently as the younger man whined and grumbled.

Hannibal then went and cleaned up the party vestiges and got ready to retire himself.

Once he was in bed, Hannibal was surprised to hear the floorboards creak slightly and a warm body to slip under the blankets with him.

"Will?"

Will hummed softly as he pressed closer to Hannibal's chest. "It's cold all alone…" he murmured softly, his hands running up and down Hannibal's sleep shirt gently.

"Will…" Hannibal murmured softly, "I wouldn't want you to wake from this and be distressed."

Will shook his head, "I wouldn't be…" he said, "I've wanted this for so long… I wouldn't be upset."

Hannibal was surprised, "Will… what do you mean?"

Will groaned softly and moved even closer, by this point, Hannibal was on his back and Will was nestled on his chest, their chins almost touching.

"I've been wanting you since I met you, Hannibal…" Will said softly, "I've wanted you to want me too… but I thought you never would…"

Hannibal took the back of Will's head and pulled him into a warm kiss, it was sweet and soft, at least at first, then Will pressed forward, moaning softly as he kissed hungrily.

Hannibal gave as good as he got, hot, hard, full of teeth and tongue.

When they finally parted, they stared into each other's eyes as they panted for air.

"Will…" Hannibal murmured, his fingers tangling in his dark curls, "beautiful… sweet Will…"

Will whined softly, pressing close again as he unbuttoned Hannibal's shirt and ran his fingers through Hannibal's soft chest hair.

Hannibal chuckled softly, "What is it you want, dear boy?"

Will growled softly, bucking his hips forward and making Hannibal moan.

"The same thing you do…" Will said, smiling.

Hannibal sighed softly, "Will… I wouldn't want to take advantage of you when-"

"I want this." Will moaned softly, "please, Hannibal…"

Hannibal shook his head slightly, "How could I deny you?"

Will beamed and laughed as Hannibal flipped them, pulling away Will's pants, shirt, and underwear, smiling at Will's naked form, "Beautiful…"

Will blushed softly, "Why are you still dressed?"

Hannibal chuckled, nuzzling Will's ear gently, "Perhaps I wanted to enjoy you a moment first."

Will shivered, sighing softly, running his hand over Hannibal's chest again, "But I want to enjoy you…" he murmured.

Hannibal smiled, almost predatorily, as he stood and stripped.

Will watched hungrily as Hannibal's tanned skin was revealed, then Hannibal slid his underwear down and Will groaned softly.

"Oh god…"

Hannibal smirked softly, "Like what you see?" He asked.

Will nodded quickly, he wanted it so bad…

Hannibal moved forward silently and climbed over Will again, "How do you want this, darling?" He asked softly.

Will groaned, "Fill me, Hannibal, please, I wanna feel it!"

Hannibal growled softly, flipping Will to his stomach and pressed forward, his own leaking cock pressing to Will's hole. Slowly, he began moving, letting the precum ease the way slowly before he pressed in to the hilt.

Will moaned loudly, gripping at the pillows under him and clenching around Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal sighed softly, as he began thrusting, "Will… so perfect…"

"F-for you…" Will gasped softly, "Only for you…"

Hannibal smiled, "Say that, and I'll have to keep you…"

Will moaned loudly as Hannibal's thrusts against his prostate again and again, "Yes! Yes please!"

Without warning, Hannibal bit into Will's shoulder, drawing blood and making Will scream as he came sharply.

Hannibal reached around, stroking Will through his orgasm and drawing it out longer and longer as he continued to thrust into Will’s prostate.

Will whimpered as he edged towards oversensitivity, but Hannibal slowed and let him recover slightly before continuing the onslaught.

Will must have fallen asleep at some point, because when he woke, with one hell of a hangover… he was sore and sticky and felt like his bones were made of Jell-O.

The door opened and Hannibal entered with a soft smile, "Good morning, Will." He said softly, laying a tray over Will’s lap containing toast, a glass of juice, a mug of amazing smelling coffee, and several aspirin. "How are you feeling?"

Will groaned softly as he sat up, "sore…" he managed horsley, "and sticky…"

Hannibal smiled fondly, "Yes, well, you refused to let me move you last night so I was unable to get you cleaned, I will draw a bath after you've eaten, I'm sure you need it after the amount of drink you had last night."

Will nodded, grunting when the movement made his head throb.

Hannibal leaned in and kissed his temple gently, "Eat." he said softly, "Let me take care of you… alright?"

Will sighed softly, nodding, "O-ok…" he managed softly, having someone take care of him… he liked the sound of that…

Hannibal moved to the adjoining bathroom and began a warm bath for his Will, adding some scented salts and such to help with Will’s aches.

Hannibal returned to Will, finding the breakfast devoured and Will sipping the coffee. "Thank you…" he said, "for the food… and for not throwing me out on my ass after what I did last night…"

Hannibal smiled, "I'm sorry that it took me so long to realize that my own feelings for you were reciprocated."

Will was surprised, but Hannibal only smiled as he gathered Will in his arms and carried him to the bath.

"I-I could walk…" Will managed, but they both knew he couldn't.

Hannibal smiled and placed him in the tub gently, "It's quite alright Will." He said softly as he gathered shampoo and began to gently wash Will’s curls, "I said, I would take care of you. I fully intend to do so."

Will sighed softly, his eyes closed as Hannibal's skilled fingers worked the suds through his hair, massaging his scalp gently. "I love you…" he murmured, not even having time to be surprised or worried about it slipping out before Hannibal replied.

"I love you too, Will. I will love you, as long as I live."

Will sighed softly as he looked at his phone, there was a virtual avalanche of texts and calls from Jack, asking, demanding, begging Will to help with cases.

Hannibal glanced at him from his place at the stove, "Uncle Jack again?" He asked softly.

Will nodded, "You would think that saying "I quit" would be enough for most bosses…"

Hannibal chuckled softly, "Jack Crawford is certainly not 'most bosses'."

Will pushed his phone away and sighed again. "So, who's for dinner?"

Hannibal smiled as he slid the clay covered roast in the oven. "That would ruin the surprise, wouldn't it…"

Will laughed, "Alright, it will still be delicious, whoever it is."

Hannibal closed the oven and moved to Will, kissing him gently, "Only the best for you, Will. Only the best."

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